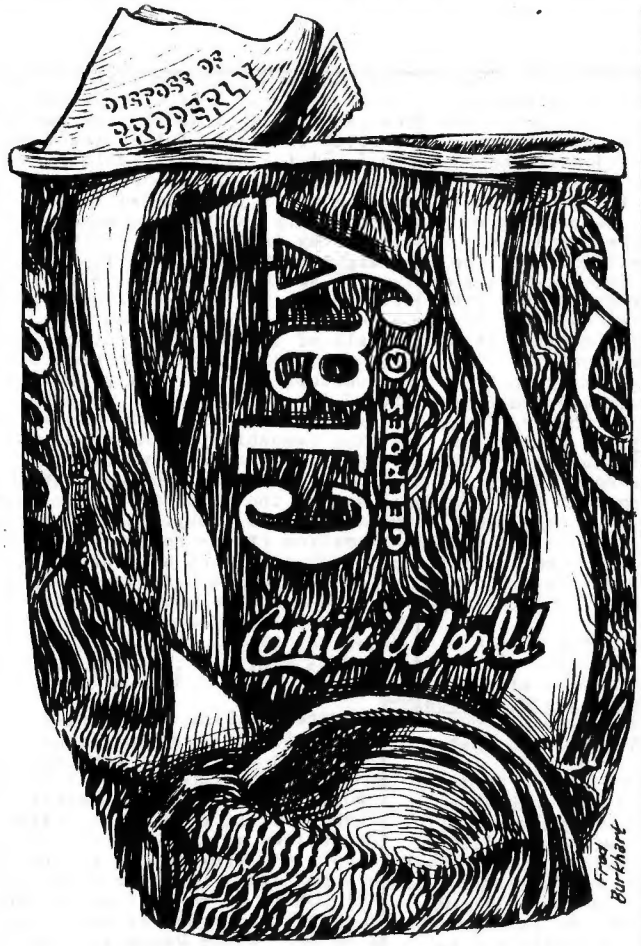

NOTE TO SUBSCRIBERS: The reason you get two newsletters in one mailing at times is purely economic. I often publish twice a month when there is a lot of comic action but I haven't the funds to do two mailings. * The number on your mailing label is the number of your last issue. Renew one early and you're sure not to miss any.*

NEW BOOKS: Lion and Lamb Comics by Paul Dufficey. Satyuga Novelties. 159 Whitecross St. London E. C. I. I recall seeing some of this funny animal material in an issue of It's All Lies. * Tales of Bozi-Sattva by V. Tucker Petertil. $1.05 pp from him at 814 W. Church, Champaign, Ill. 61820. It's magazine-sized. 26 pp B/W, color cover. Has cover reference to the question that often fascinated J. D. Salinger: "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" This from Tucker: "I'm 26--a Scorpio--born in Oak Park, Ill. just West of Chicago--went to the Art Institute of Chicago two years--and I've lived in Champaign-Urbana about seven years--bought some land in Tennessee with about 30 other friends & plan on moving there next year--Right now I live in a communal house with 4 other folks, there's a mega-university (U of Illinois) in town but only one headshop with ugs. . . Basically, I got into comics after I decided to do "Bozi-Sattva" that's kind of ass-backwards. Back when I was an art student I was into turning on and wanting my paintings & stuff to tell a story--I started incorporating print into the painting and building all of these strange fantasy creatures. About that time I thought William Wiley was a real good artist. Soon I learnt about Karma and figured it was time to leave Chicago and stop making monsters--so I came to Champaign & joined a local hippie restaurant and started drawing comix which I hung up in the johns or on the bulletin board--I've worked jobs ranging from a commercial art apprentice to a patrolman for the parking commission and they were all fukt so I started doing advertising graphics freelance around town here. I drew Bozi-Sattva in the lot booth when I was parking cars. . . The next comic I'm planning is a future tale about the world turning into agricultural tribes-I'm real interested also in what American Indians are doing (reclaiming land) and that will probably influence the book a lot. There's a couple of artists around here and we're gonna do a joint effort. I learned a lot from doing this first one & the next one will benefit from that knowledge." That Salinger reference is significant when you consider that we still haven't seen those 148 Haiku poems Seymour's supposed to have written. I'd love to see an artist illustrate "A Fine Day For Bananafish," but that might turn the man off as much as Hollywood's mangled version of "Uncle Wiggley in Connecticut." You'll recall that's the only story Salinger ever sold to the movies. He hated My Foolish Heart (Susan Hayward & Dana Andrews, 1948) Still hasn't let anyone have the rights to Catcher in the Rye. You know, a lot of us who love Salinger felt rejected as hell when he stopped writing back in '62, but now I just go back and read the books and stories over and they're just as good the second time around. * You want to understand that forties atmosphere out of which the first wave of comic books grew, read Earl Thompson's TATTOO. This one will get you through the winter. Great writing.

COMIX WORLD 36. Copyright Clay Geerdes 1975. World rights reserved. $3 for 12 issues. $6 gets the first 35 mint issues! Vince Kimszol (New Paltz) sez I don't review books "in-depth", particularly those put out by individuals or small collectives. That's true. Doubt if I'll change. I used to say a lot more when I did columns for the ug papers. Problem is, Vince, the papers won't print anything I write about unknowns. That was one of my motives for starting this newsletter. The papers and mags demand proven stars. You send me the full story of the NEW PALTZ trip & I'll run it in CW.*

COMIX
FROM DOUG HANSEN
AND FLYING PYRAMID ENTERPRISES ★
P.O. BOX 2027, FRESNO, CA. 93718
★ FREZNO FUNNIES ★ 1 & 2 ★
ANIMAL 8 PAGER ★ VALLEY FEVER
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE!

Logo on this ish by Fred Burkhart!

He had never felt so intimately alone with a real girl, a beautiful girl who was not some sniveling, adenoidal adolescent like Vanda Hardasty or her friends. Avis Nickel-Jean Porter was Big Time. Ever since the garbage on the bridge with Glenn and the old couple he had felt increasingly alien in his own hometown, no more truly with it and of it than were his mother and stepfather, a transient, a drifter, but with a paper in his pocket to Join the Navy and See the World. When he returned, it would be on different terms. He wouldn't have to take anybody's shit. All loyalties and local frustrations were finally canceled out. He just wished he could explain it to Avis, help her get out.

"Will you write to me?" he asked.

"What? Oh, sure."

Jack went into the trailer. He dug out all his stuff from the drawer beneath his bed: the model guns, his old ball glove, some clothes, a pair of beat-up baseball spikes with a pitcher's plate on the right toe, a ball cap and shirt he had worn when he pitched for the junior Civics, a barlow knife, a stock of comic books—*Superman, Batman, Tarzan, Captain America, Fighting Heroes, Plastic Man, The Spirit, Sheena Jungle Woman.* He bought the books secondhand, five cents each, three for a dime.

A pair of preview hits from Earl Thompson's TATTOO, a Signet Paperback.

CHRONICLE 12-29-73

The Hookers' Ball Is Catching On

By George Williamson

In this era of madly changing social graces, it helps that some cultural rituals—such as the Sock Hop, the Cotillion, and Tuesday night's Hookers' Ball—hang in (and out) as delicate reminders of the old order.

"The Hookers' Ball is already an institution . . . We're here to stay," gushed Margo St. James amid the squeals of nearly 2000 exhibitionists reveling at the Hyatt Regency Hotel Tuesday night.

It was the second annual treasury padding dance for COYOTE—the street ladies' union—meaning the tradition now dates all the way back to 1974.

The figures were not in yesterday on how much the organizers grossed from the bash but the bar tally alone was $14,000 at $2 a drink.

Admission was $5 at the door. In addition, 250 persons attended a pre-ball benefit cocktail party at $25 per person.

As precedent dictated, many guests arrived with chests and other no-no's bared. Perhaps in physiological deference to the notion that the ball has "arrived," the majority of these displays were inherently modest to the extreme.

Tiny Judy Murrell, 22, of Berkeley went demurely costumed—if that's the word—in Minnie Mouse ears and little else that was discernible.

"Mama mouse would not like this," she said, searching for a bobby-pin that would allow her mouse ears to stay decently secure while dancing to music that was largely vintage ragtime.

Photos by Susan Ehmer

Costumes from Viking and grass skirt to woolly worm

Aside from costumes meant to shock, satirize or titillate the jam-packed Gateway Ballroom resembled an overgrown cocktail party.

The sardine conditions made table hopping almost impossible, but paneled mirrors on the ceiling facilitated awareness of happenings hither and yon.

"Eyeball that fourth mirror to the left," advised one celebrant. "There's an orgy going on under the table." He was right.

Interestingly, maybe 20 per cent of the crowd broke sartorial tradition and attired in straight clothes.

"I had a real sexy thing on, but I just didn't have the guts to wear it . . . Oooh, look at that," a woman nearing her 40s told friends upon arriving in a neck-to-floor dress.

Numerous overtly respectable San Franciscans and tourists arrived early to gawk for free before the showoffs serpentined into the paying-guests-only confines of the ballroom.

"I'm sure this ball will go for many years. It adds color to San Francisco," said Joe Weber, a supervising investigator for the State Department of Health.

Though a distinct minority, not all paying guests enjoyed themselves.

"I'm very disappointed," said a 21-year-old black man who described his occupation as an "illicit" combination of the drug and prostitution markets.

"I didn't have any expectation the place would be packed with perverts and weirdos."

He said maybe a third of the city's hookers are black women, but noted "there's hardly any black women here, period. Therefore this is really a ball for weirdos, not hookers."

"It's also a ball for us squares and spectators," chimed in jovial John Parker, 52, a civil servant.

11/75

CLAY GEERDES' COMIX WORLD GOES COYOTE HUNTING •••

The hookers in San Francisco have a union. It's called Coyote, an acronym which stands for Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics. Margo St. James is the leader of the band, though it was being whispered around that Margo has never turned a trick when I arrived at the pre-Hooker Ball party. Only a few people were around so early, one of them a tall woman wearing a Nixon mask and a pair of red pasties and skimpy black panties.

Where you are is in the Happenstance Room, one of the many playrooms that front the lobby of the Hyatt-Regency Hotel in San Francisco. The occasion is the annual Coyoto masquerade Ball. It's old home week for me. I've been on the scene in the Bay Area since I went to San Francisco State College back in 1958. Been writing about a lot of the people present for the last ten years. Like Arlene Elster, who started Sutter Cinema, one of the city's first successful sex film theaters. Her theater used to be Charley Low's Forbidden City, an after-hours supper club. Arlene was a classmate of Janis Joplin's in Port Arthur, Texas. She comes by, gives me a hug, and comments on my reporter drag. I've always been one to dress the part and I'm wearing a green blazer and gray slacks. I've got one of Trina's Rosie the Riveter buttons on my left pocket. It's one of Denis Kitchen's personality series and it made Trina happy when she saw it later in the ballroom. She was wearing hot forties underwear and a Shirley Temple wig, but I recognized her right away. Ned Sonntag, I didn't recognize by sight, but knew him by reputation as the creator of Smacky Duck. There were a lot of underground artists on the dance floor. Spain wore his Road Vultures jacket and a Sheena t-shirt, which he assured me was an original with the jungle queen drawn by Matt Baker. Gary Hallgren was doing Humbert Humbert and his Lady was doing her best to look like 12-year-old Lolita. The cut-offs and the bobby-sox and the freckles might have convinced me if it hadn't been for the two outstanding contradictions filling out her white blouse.

Gary did the big poster that backed up the San Francisco Medicine Ball Caravan. He had a couple of nice pages in Tricks Comics, a tabloid put out by Coyote at their last convention He's at work on a new comic strip.

Barbara Brown, co-editor of the latest issue of Wimmen's Comix (#6, the history ish), had a nice butterfly on her left shoulder and when I first saw it I thought it was a tattoo, but later it was almost gone. That's an artist for you.

I ran into Guy Colwell on his way to get a drink. He said he's okayed a Finnish translation of his first Inner City Romance Comic, Choices, so that's likely to be Pekka Gronow's next project. He's the man who does Jymy.

In the lobby there wasn't room to move. The ballroom was shaking like the old Fillmore or Avalon on a good Saturday night. A Black voice doing "Hello, Dolly" a la Louis Armstrong at his peak. Lots of old Cockettes floating around. Just inside the ballroom, Wally said hello to me. He was dressed in widow's drag, complete with a black veil, and in his hands was a pot of dead flowers, "widow's weeds." A couple of naked young men strolled in and out of the cluster, their clothes rolled up in their hands. One group of people has silver and gold paint all over their bodies. Lots of vampires and a gang of beautiful dancers in what look like silver wet suits. They're moving around doing living sculpture while the flash bulbs pop away at them. A few girls dancing in black net body stockings, their tits bouncing. Later on, they'll be walking around with their costumes in hand, too. You get several thousand people in a room, even one as well-ventilated as that grand ballroom, and those heavy costumes are soaking wet in no time.

A lot of activity on one of the red tables. I climb up on a chair to check it out. A woman stripping. She's down to her brown panty-hose, beckoning to different men in the tightly packed area. As she starts to take off the panty-hose, a bearded man moves in to help her, goes down on her to the cheers of all the people. I've been joined on the chair by this time and I'm worried about getting pushed off into the mob. I've got my camera in my left hand and I try to make it down one-handed. Am I getting jaded? A few years back, I would have wanted to watch the rest of that sex scene. Now I had the pix that would place an article like this one in some sex mag and I just wanted to get out to the lobby and rest somewhere. I'd been on my feet for about five hours straight at this point. In the distance I saw Baba Ron Turner playing with the tassle on his bathrobe. I was almost to where he was when I saw all of the tourists outside the windows looking in at the people who had collapsed in various positions around the plush lounge. The Ball was a spectacle all right and it was getting raunchier as the crowd got drunker and more anonymous. Tourists not only lined the windows, but stood all around the escalators that lead up to the main lobby. Some had their instamatics at the ready, but most were just gaping at all that debauchery.

"It's been a hard day's night!" The band was on a break and the Beatles were piped in. People were circling and recircling the dance floor. I smelled some fine stuff in the air, but none of it came my way. I looked up at the mirrored ceiling and there I was in the center of it all. Margo St. James was onstage in her feather mask, making some awards to various people for helping out Coyote. The flow never stopped. A teenager went by dressed as a baby complete with diaper and baby bottle filled with orange juice. She was sucking on her bottle as she passed the whiskey bar and the bartender took her for granted. Jesse James and his whole family followed me back into the ballroom and he was wearing a red neckerchief over the lower part of his face. With that hat and those black sideburns and that low-slung gun, he looked like the real thing, right out of the black and white westerns of my childhood. The kids had a lot of rouge and lipstick on their faces and they boogied on down for the tv cameramen who were still struggling around the dance floor. Not one, but a pair of black-furred King Kongs seemed to show up in front of their lens wherever they went. I expected those monkeys to get together with Nixon, one on each red pasty, but it never happened. MY ASS IS MINE! said a picket sign that passed. Ah, these hookers, always mixing politics and pleasure.

C.G. 11/4/75

FREELANCING/PART 5

LAST GASP COMIX

DR ATOMIC 3 WIMMENS 6
FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE 1
2180 BRYANT STREET
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94103

FREE LIST UPON REQUEST.